Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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DREAMS OF THEE.

Midnight—the stars are bright,
And the pale moon shines coldly pure in heaven,
And the thin vapours of the midnight fog her light,
Like passing thoughts across her face are driven.
Midnight—the time,
The time, the descent of all tones to me,
When earnest sadness, or joy in my inmost breast,
And I can listen—say, fondly dream of thee.

Yes—it is all of joy
Left to my blighted heart and burning brain—
The one pure pleasure that can never cloy—
The rainbow that my clouds of life sustain.
I wander all the day,
Like something scarcely of reality,
Careless of what I do or what I say,
And looking forward to my dreams of thee.

Ay—nought but dreams are mine:
I touch thy loving hand but in my dreams;
I gaze upon that deep blue eye of thine,
And my fond lip can only kiss to bless it.
I'm only in my sleep
That my heart quakes free,
I look upon thee firm, and mark my passion deep:
I would not lose for worlds my dreams of thee.

The day and night seem one,
I think of thee, Peter, in sunshine, and falling streams,
As things from which my spirit is estranged,
As once in happier years, I thought of dreams.
My visions, like intense
And vivid truths, on my inquiring eye can sear;
And when a trance is on each outward sense
My soul awakens in its dreams of thee.

And when I wake
My thoughts assume in that deep solemn hour:
Sometimes the shape in which Ambition sails,
And sometimes as a soft and gentle power:
But be they as they will,
Thou they are all must be—
Like sun-light over changeful clouds, thou still
Art light and glory in my dream of thee.

Then let me still dream on,
And in the realms of fantasy be blest,
And feel, in those, the enchantment's gone,
'Tis my sacred spirits turn to rest.
I'll only mourn because
Of death at last in calling upon me,
'Til only mourn because it is a blameless sleep
It is, and I shall cease to dream of thee!

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

STANZAS.

I stood upon the sea-beach
Beside oblivion's sea,
And saw each passing wave break o'er
The bygone yesterday—
The last of the departed year
Joined in the host of time's career,
The past eternity.

It was a melancholy sight
To see it perish day by day,
And dim among the depths of night,
Fade with its dreams away;
And dark and sluggish with it go,
A thousand hopes once rich in glow,
Born in its hour's decay.

A cold thrill to my feeling taught
How much there was of mine
Gone with that year of perish'd thought,
And ill-dream'd time;
A part, too, of the vital gleam
Quench'd 'neath Time's incessant stream,
A sunken wreck divine.

From out those waves no palmy isle
Upraises its sunny head,
Where my lost hope may light her smile;
Boundless, and drear, and dread,
The billows lift their sweep,
"Nameless" a stamped upon the shore;
And I, "Shall" on the sands alone.

And Love turns trembling from the sight;
Hoping has fled with fear;
And Beauty's form is pale affright,
And Fame stands silent near,
And Glory's laurels sink and die,
Changeless along one brow and eye,
But they are no deeper.

All watch the last skirts of the year—
The wreck of minutes done,
In the sea of time's dim graveyard
Forever from the sun;
Leaving a dead tranquility,
As when a human soul is gone
Has just gone wildly down!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

FIXED OPINIONS.

There is an error unconsciously fallen into by a great many persons, giving origin to innumerable disputes, and to much confusion in society; and yet, this same identical error is a point almost universally attempted to be fortified as a constituent part of the power and strength of their claim to a character for good and sound judgment.

We hear much said in derision of persons, reputed to have no fixed opinions; no inflexibility of judgment, and the mind of those who have rendered the proselytes of any who may oppose them with a plausible argument. Every one who exchanges his opinion, for what he thinks a more plausible and correct one, on a subject susceptible of mathematical demonstration, is at once derided as having no fixed purpose; and to such an extreme is this derision urged, that to escape it, thousands fall into an opposite error; far more mischievous in its consequences, than a mere unsteadiness of the mind of man, and by it are lead to think nothing more essential than to have an opinion of their own; one that is to be adhered to, and will remain so permanent, and proof against fluctuation; according to the strength or weakness of which may it seem to them preferable, on account of its plausibility; its popularity or its probable advantage to their interests, to adopt one line, then direct all their efforts, to substantiate its assumed correctness, whether right or wrong, strenuously preferring the credit, of skillfully defending a bad opinion, which they incur the risque of, to unscrupulously adopting the name of changing it for that of another person, which reason plainly shows to be correct, on account of one of our opinions. If all the ingenuity ever elicited on the side of sophistry, could have been applied to the use of support of expounding useful facts, how much further would the present generation of man have been in advance of what it is at present, in point of intellectual knowledge; for it is notorious that the same amount of ingenuity is still used, in attempting to establish a false argument, which after all, is never clear of doubt; would beautifully portray ten valuable truths. It is a matter of wonder to honesty and pure reverence to west them from the mists of slow-witty, or the intricate maze of sophistry, into which they had been thrown—True, it bespeaks a weak, unreflecting mind, to adopt, promiscuously and unreservedly the opinions and views of an other person, without having examined for ourselves the subject in question: but from this it does not follow, that we are not justifiable in ever changing, when we shall feel ourselves convinced within ourselves, that we were previously to an error. The mind of man is not so constituted, as to enable him to arrive at once, to the correct judgment of all things at once. The mind never is but in a progressive state; a state of reflection and collateral evidence, incidentally arrived at, will occasionally show, that its prejudice alone which prevents an acknowledged judgment to sentiment. Some say, keep your judgement undecided until you are convinced beyond the possibility of error: it would on many accounts be desirable if it were practicable, always to observe this state of impartiality in opinion: but where there is a variety of opposing arguments, spread before the mind, it is naturally disposed to adopt that which seems least objectionable; and though a conviction of its correctness may not be entirely satisfactory, yet it pronounces to quick decisions, and the want of other means of elucidation, will urge it upon us as a truth that can not be objected to; hence is assumed as correct. Now it certainly becomes us to advocate it as such, by exhibiting in its defence, the arguments which seem to support it, and on which our own opinions rest; but time and subsequent experience, may furnish the means to investigate the subject further, and to his astonishment, perhaps, he finds himself quite wrong; now there are many, who rather than confess themselves fallible, as they palpably are, would still go on and attempt to sustain their first opinions.

From Peter Simple's Memoirs.

DEATH OF THE LYING CAPTAIN.

We had remained in Halifax harbour about three weeks, when a very great change for the worse took place in the hospital more than in disease, indeed, it could hardly be called. He had been long suffering from the insidious attacks of a bad climate, and although repeatedly advised to invalid, he would never consent. His constitution was broken up, but he was thought by a few days he was so ill, that, at the request of the naval surgeons, he consented to be removed to the hospital, where he could command more comfort than in any private house. He had not been at the hospital more than two days, when he sent for me and stated his wish that I should remain with him. "You know, Peter, that you are a cousin of mine, and one whom to have one's relations near one when we are sick, to bring your friends on shore. The doctor has promised me a nice little room for you, and you shall come and set with me all day." I certainly had no objection to remain with him, because I considered it my duty so to do, and I must say there was no occasion for me to make any efforts to entertain him, as he always entertained me; but I could not help seriously reflecting and feeling much shocked at a man living in so dangerous a state, for the doctors had pronounced his recovery to be impossible, still continuing a system of falsehood during the whole of his illness without intermission. But it really appeared in him to be innate, and as I have before said, "If he told truth, it was entirely by mistake. One day I ventured to bring my bible to his bedside, as if I was reading it myself.

"What are you reading, Peter?" said he.

"Only a chapter in the bible, sir," said I.

"Would you like that I should read aloud."

"Yes, I'm very fond of the Bible, it's the book of truth, Peter, and you know I am so taught, and his weathering Esau with a mess of pottage, and obtaining his father's blessing." I could not help thinking a figure that he should select a portion in which, for divine reasons, a lie was crowned with success and reward. When I had finished it, he asked me to read something more; I turned over to the Acts of the Apostles, and commenced the chapter in which Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead. When I had finished, he observed very quietly, "That is a very good lesson for young people, Peter, and points out that you never should swerve from the truth. Recollect, my young friend, *Peter, to tell the truth and shame the devil.*"

After this observation I laid down the book, as it appeared to me that he was quite unaware of his propensity; and without a sense of your fault, how could he express a determination to be expected! He became more feeble and exhausted daily, and I think that he was not weak that he could scarcely raise himself in his bed. One afternoon, he said, "Peter, I shall make my will, not that I am going to be much in a hurry yet, but still it is every man's duty to set his house in order, and I will amuse me; so fetch pen and paper, and come you sit down beside me."

I did as he requested.

"Write, Peter, that I, Antony George William Charles Huxbinson Kearney, (my father's name was Antony, Peter; was christened George after the present regent; William and Charles after Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, who were my sponsors; Huxbinson is my mother's great uncle, whose property devolves to me; he's eighty-three now, so he can't last long;—have you written that down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Being in sound mind, do hereby make my last will and testament, revoking all former wills."

"Yes, sir."

"I bequeath to my dearly beloved wife, Augusta Charlotte Kearney, (she was named after the Queen and princess Augusta, when held last at the baptismal font,) all my household furniture, books, pictures, and wearing apparel, her own free use and will, and to dispose of at her pleasure upon he demise. Is that down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Also, the interest of all my money in the three per cents., reduced, and the Long Annuities, and the balance in my agent's hands, for her natural life. At her death to be divided into equal portions between my two children, William Mohammed Potenkirk White, and Caroline Anastasia White, or their survivor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, Peter, for my real property. My estate in Kent, (let me see, what is the name of it?) Walcot Abbey, my three farms in the Vale of Aylesbury, and the messuages in the city, all as bequeath to my children aforenamed, the proceeds of the same to be laid up, deducting all necessary expenses for their support, for their sole use and benefit. Is that down?"

"Not yet, sir, 'use and benefit.' Now it is sir."

"Until they come to the age of twenty-one years, or in case of my daughter until she marries with the consent of my executors, then to be equally and fairly valued and divided between them. You observe, Peter, I never make any difference between girls or boys—a good father will love one child as well as another. Now, I'll say no more, but sign it."

I was really astonished. It was well known that Captain Kearney had nothing but his pay, and that it was the hopes of the prize money to support his family, which had induced him to remain on service, still if not upon the list, laughable; yet I could not laugh: there was a melancholy feeling at such a specimen of infatuation and imposition.

"Now, Peter, we'll go on," said Capt. Kearney, after a pause of a few minutes. "I have a few legacies to bequeath. First, to all my servants 500 each, and two suits of mourning; to my nephew, Thomas Kearney of Kearney Hall, Yorkshire, I bequeath the sword presented me by the retired Sultan. I presumed to him, and although we have quarrelled and not spoken for years, I always keep my word. The plate presented me by the merchants of London under rivers of Lloyd's, I leav- to my worthy friend, the Duke of Newcastle. Is that down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well; my snuff-box, presented me by Prince Patemkin to my gallant conduct at the fall of Ismail, and also, I release him from the mortgage which I hold over his property of the Madeleine Islands, in North Sarmatia, for the boy, and, further, I bequeath to him the bag of snuff, presented to me by the Pope of Rome; he may as well have the snuff as he has the snuff-box. Is that down?"

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"O never mind me, sir," replied I.

"No, no, Peter, I must not forget my cousin. Let me see; you are a bachelor, Peter, I believe?"

A real good one, I can tell you. Some years ago I died with a Palermo, and ran a Sicilian prime of Ismail through the body, and it held so tight, that we were obliged to send for a pair of pincers to get it out again. Put that down as a legacy for my cousin, Peter Simple. I believe that is all now for my executors; and I appoint my friend, Vice-Admiral Trunnion, Alderderry, the Marquess of Chandos, and Mr. Johnson Johnson, banker, to be my executors, and leave to each of them the sum of one thousand pounds for their trouble, and in token of their regard for me; and, Peter, now, as I have left so much real property, it is necessary that you should be a witness to the whole, so call in two more, and let me sign in you presence."

This order was obeyed, and that strange will was executed. I must add, indeed say, that even the present he had pretended to receive were purchased by himself at different times, but such is the force of habit, that it was all genuine to the last. Mr. Pinkett and O'Brien used to come every day, and the captain's cabin was filled with other officers, and he was always cheerful and merry, and seemed to be quite indifferent about his approaching fate. He scarcely ever left his bed-side, and he was always cheerful and merry, and seemed to be quite indifferent about his approaching fate. He scarcely ever left his bed-side, waiting for his last gasp, when he again opened his eyes, and beckoning me with an effort, to put my head close to his mouth, that he had to say, he contrived, in a sort of gurgling whisper, and with much difficulty to utter—"Peter, I am going now, and that the cable—in my throat—is a sign of death—for I once knew a man—to *free whatever rattle in his throat—for a few weeks.*" He then fell back and expired, having, pethaps, at his last gasp, told the greatest lie of his whole life.

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They told me, that thy soft blue eye,
Rolled more than one heart's destiny;
And that those sunny ringlets there,
Won thy brow, a sunny boy;
But I believed the as not, for I
Had never felt their witchery.

They told me that thy form so free
Was graceful as the willow bough,
And when thy step was in the dance,
The coldest heart it could entrance;
But I believed them not for I
Had never felt their witchery.

They said, an intellectual grace
Threw o'er thy fair and glowing face,
Mingled light of thought and feeling;
Soon as I gazed, my heart was stealing
But I believed them not; for I
Had never felt their witchery.

We met at last; 'twas not thine eye
Lady! that we'd my destiny—
Oh no! I've not felt love as yet,
Beam lustrous as the stars of night:—
Ah! 'twas the young soul's purity
Which formed that spell of witchery.

R. S. D.

HINTS TO TALKERS.

"Are few and short my story tell."—Burns.

It is of no small importance to one who has to push his way in the world, that he should be able to express himself with facility, and in a ready and brief's manner, as to run no risk of tiring the individuals upon whom he may be more or less dependent for the success of his advancement. There is unfortunately some difficulty in attaining a proper medium between a fluency of speech, which is apt to lead to an excessive and tiresome copiousness, and that languor and dull inactivity, which is equally to be deprecated. It became more feeble and exhausted daily, and I think that it was not weak that he could scarcely raise himself in his bed. One afternoon, he said, "Peter, I shall make my will, not that I am going to be much in a hurry yet, but still it is every man's duty to set his house in order, and I will amuse me; so fetch pen and paper, and come you sit down beside me."

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FERVID ELOQUENCE OF A QUAKER.

The following impassioned burst of deep and ardent feeling, from one of the Society of Friends, is certainly we ever met with; the prose of the writer is crowded with the very spirit of poetry, and is warm and excited pleasure in the perusal of this sublime specimen of glowing eloquence.

Some years since, Solomon Wilkins was exceedingly ill pleased at Mr. Hewett's "History of Priest-craft," and in angry words to Mr. Hewett, spoke one of the sarcasms—"You, Sir, are a Quaker,—you, Sir, are a poet, and you, Sir, are a fool,"—and then, with the feeling of *stepping out of his station*. In a subsequent conversation, Mr. Hewett thus successfully and eloquently replied:—

"Friend Solomon, I am a poet by inclination, and indulge in the pleasures of literature; in those persons which, according to Locke, "admiration, novelty, astonishment, delectant, scandala res ornant, adversa juvant, prospera frangunt, mala mentem alterant, bona augescunt fama;" but business being the principal object of my life, I am a merchant. Mr. Solomon Wilkins, I am a Quaker—you, Sir, are a poet, and you, Sir, are a fool—and you, Sir, are a fool for *stepping out of his station*. In a subsequent conversation, Mr. Hewett thus successfully and eloquently replied:—

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Walked in glory and in joy.

Following the plough along the mountain side"

Why left he his employment? Nothing, to some the merry Tam O'Shanter; the beautiful picture of humble life in the poem Scotch Ale—the Cotter's Saturday night; and many equal pearls, to whose quick spirit the heart of the Scottish exile, "encamped by Indian rivers wide," throbs again and again.

"And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and streams."

And what would have been the loss to march out of Ettrick Forest, and go waving his gray tartan up the streets of Edinburg, and among the green valleys of Tweed, but some stand the poets of the land? Oh, James, James, with what feelings must he look upon the work of darkness! I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart!" What business had thou at the Queen's Wake? At the Land of Queen Hynde, and the lays of the glen, listening to the unearthly words of the pure Kilmeny, and the Fairy Queen, and Harold the Dauntless, and the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee; or mingling one strong and powerful arm of thine with the Highland host, that bannered Allan Ramsay to go before thee, shouting of the Gentle Shepherd? or a far greater Allan to come after them from the field of Sheriffmuir, immortalizing deeds his ballet and chosel among his native rocks, dare to enter Edinburgh, and to sing songs in the very Parliament House of Chantery? What had he to do with collecting "Songs of Scotland;" or making mighty ballads of his own?

"A wee sheet and a flowing sea,"

what were such to him? Was not every stripping his natural functions. O, honest Allan Cunningham! what business had thou among these things? And what business had Wm. Roscoe to leave his mother's tap; to give over carrying out her pots of beer, and to go and sweep the halls of Popes and Italian Princes? Was not his own maid; to coast a splendor over his native town, and to be the first to introduce to his children riches the patent of nobility? And what business had those shoemakers, Bloomfield, Mr. Farmer's Boy, and Gifford, to leave their awls and the pride of Tawes, to quit their stalls, and dare to become famous? and those dyer's hand, Wm. Reid, Scalby, and Benjamin Rhodes, what wrong beadedness was there? What right had they to be poets? Above all, what business had Burns to leave the plough, with his rod and line, and go in summer time to the Nith, and there lounge away his days? From the banks of Cree, and Dee, and Shakespeare left off poaching, to wove them against the days of writing dramas? Could he have presided on John Wilson, and John Gibson Lockhart, and Shirrett Tytler, to aside by their parchments and pleas, what reading of multitudinous volumes might we have been spared? Washington left his farming to liberate his country; but Mr. Wilkins was not at hand to cry, 'overseer;' not the proper Limits of your profession?' From the banks of Avon, Shakespeare left his spear and his deer, to go to the Globe theatre, and there to write plays, and Mr. Wilkins was not at hand to cry, 'overseer;' not the proper Limits of your profession?' From the banks of Avon, Shakespeare left his spear and his deer, to go to the Globe theatre, and there to write plays, and Sir Richard Arkwright, reached distinction by the invention of spinning jennies, and Sir Robert Peel, by the invention of the modern police, and Mr. Wilkins was not at hand to cry, 'overseer;' not the proper Limits of your profession?' Nothing, Wilkins can be more pernicious, for *Nothing Wilkins questions it!*

The following Hymn to Death, is from the German: it is short, but it is long, almost, in sublimity. Like Sir Walter Raleigh's Address to his Soul, or Shakespeare's Address to Sleep, it is simple, but it breathes the very soul of poetry and religion.—What consumptive road can read it without emotion and admiration!

TO DEATH.

Methinks it were not pain to die
On such an eve, when each is shy
Of her companion the Woe;
To gaze but fill on you calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in you sea
Of endless blue tranquility;
The land is dang'rous for many things;
I trace their wicked wiles in vain,
And feel them solemnly mid-air
The very breath I draw.

The sea be the angels that convey
Unwary children of a day—
Like to a home and native rest—
Where tender passions cure, not wost,
To rest the weary breast
On Death's majestic shew.

No darkness there divides the way
With awful terrors and foul loathing (sic);
But gloriously serene
Are the clear realms we come.
One hated, eternal sunset mgint
Over the world seems.

I cannot chuse all human fear:
I know my sentence
To that pe-ceful rest of ruby
Yet—oh, I shudder!—the dreaming kiss
Emancipates my tree in kind
To weigh it never more.

M. F. C.

TABLES OF THE ANCIENTS.

ESSAY, THE TABLES PRIZE. Pope celebrated perhaps was the Tables of the Ancients. Being the ten years neglect of time by the Greeks, drawn before with a pen of iron, and the Tables of brass, while in the city was finally taken and in Rome, he erected a new species of writing, called parchment, of the hides of his knowledge gods, basing in his hand his a sceptre, and on his head a crown of laurel. He afterwards engaged a fleet of twenty ships, on which he embarked, with the highest honor Troy, in search of the Tables of the Ancients. Many years did they fruitlessly wander in Italy, and boarded the Delian nation. Their search was in vain, and they never could have even had a match with the ancients.

Many valour, and with greater perils
Than Jason did, and with more fame
Than Hercules did, they sought the Tables
Which our forefathers had no handsome
Moral—Filial Affections and sons are confidence of a great nation.

ARCHIMEDES'S SPHERE ✦ The Ivy Academy, in Caledonia, was the daughter of Minerva, before she was married from her to a friend of mine, and the Academy was founded by Minerva, and brought by her father, Jupiter, to Caledonia, and there he left it, and went to his heaven. He found that the housekeeper had a good memory, and was of a generous disposition, and he left it to her. Now Miss Minerva had been actually married in early life, but that is what has been long forgotten, and she had her prizes, and was an able calculated to be introduced to his guest friends, as indeed, she had been to many others, and she was in a state of obscurity for many years; and when she, at last, from some circumstances belongs, stepped her foot on the shore of Caledonia, she found herself in the same miserable state, as that one is exposed to be in when he is in the midst of a crowd, and he is a stranger to all the company. Miss Minerva, who, experiencing little of the attention of a housekeeper, and who had been in the habit of receiving from her husband his every attention, and consideration, asked his permission to go for a few weeks to visit her friends in Caledonia, and to see the Academy, which she had founded. Upon this request being granted, she left Caledonia, and went to Edinburgh, where she remained for a few days, and then proceeded to Glasgow, where she was received with the greatest attention and respect. She then proceeded to Dumbarton, and from there to Inverness, and from there to Aberdeen, and from there to Perth, and from there to Edinburgh, and from there to Glasgow, and from there

Continental English Items.

It is stated in a continental journal, that while the Duke of Wellington was in Paris, he was [illegible]

LIST OF INSOLVENTS,

Who have applied for the Benefit of the several Acts of Insolvency of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and whose Petitions are to be acted upon by the Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas of the several Counties on Wednesday, the 4th day of December, A. D. 1833, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

John Snyder, 24, corner Shippen and Jersey Streets, Southwark, tailor.

Isaac Hall, 24, corner Shippen and Jersey Streets, Southwark, tailor.

Samuel Hall, 24, corner Shippen and Jersey Streets, Southwark, tailor.

Thomas H. Cuthbert, Kensington, conveyancer.

Francis B. Penrose, 20, on South 3d st. mariner.

Joseph Penrose, 20, on South 3d st. mariner.

Thomas Parker, No. 10 Dorrance st. carpenter.

John Kelly, No. 31 Bonsall's court, Phila. grocer.

Frederick W. Waldegrave, No. 174 N. 5th st. commission merchant.

Jeremiah Sullivan, No. 12 Sutter's alley, Southwark, laborer.

Andrew Hoffers, back of Market st. above 9th, has moved.

Thomas Burgess, No. 63 Mechanics st. ex. Phila. carpenter.

Samuel Graham, Letitia Court, city of Phila. jeweller.

James Johnson, N. L. ex. of Phila. accountant.

Daniel Hummel, Kensington, tobacconist.

David Hummel, Kensington, tobacconist.

A. W. ex. Phila. [illegible]

Thomas Hampton, No. 60 Cherry st. late cornerman.

Geo. Gopper, Canton st. near Schuylkill ex. of Phila. [illegible]

Jacob Miller, Jacobs st. city of Phila. innkeeper.

Joseph Miller, Jacobs st. city of Phila. innkeeper.

Daniel Adams, Market st. above 24th city of Phila. [illegible]

Jacob Hoffman, No. 7 Pennsylvania Avenue, corner Sassafras st. ex. Phila. [illegible]

Peter Hoffman, Spring Garden, above 9th, ex. Phila. laborer.

Thomas Hoffman, 6th from Schuylkill, near Spring Garden, ex. Phila. laborer.

Thomas Bates, mariner, Penrith st. between Canton and Kensington roads, Southwark, ex. N. L.

Thomas Bates, jr. mariner, Penrith st. between Canton and Kensington roads, Southwark, ex. N. L.

Samuel Gregory, ex. Phila. shipwright.

William H. Mickell, porter, 5th between Race and Vine sts.

Wm. F. F. Young, tobacconist, Minden st. West Kensington.

Francis Young, porter, No. 3 Pleasant Avenue, between 5th and 6th, Kensington, ex. Phila.

Robert Analy, carter, Shippen near 9th st. Moyamensing.

William Ickenroth, labourer, Bedford near Broad st. Moyamensing.

Isaac Heck, black-smith, Passyunk road near Cathrines st.

Jacob Bolton, jr. house carpenter, Germantown below 4th st. Southwark.

James Wilson, late druggist, South between 6th and 7th st. Moyamensing.

Samuel Meeker, No. 14 Wallace street, Penn Township, ex. Phila.

Joseph Rush, Beck's alley, Southwark, mariner.

Willard Rice, Fourth above Race street, late merchant.

Henry Chauncey, No. 187 North Fourth st. druggist.

George Gile, No. 52 Frankford Road, tobacconist.

William Wright, 24 Westborough township, Philadelphia county, labourer.

George Hertz, Second below Wharton street, South Southwark.

Charles Boggs, South street, second door below Christian, confectioner.

Aaron Burns, No. 77 Tammy street, N. Liberties, mariner.

Joseph B. Brown, Manayunk, late of the firm of Sum mer & Brown, grocers, 29 S. Water street.

John Cromwell, No. 113 Green street above Third, labourer.

Henry Carney, Hinds Court, City of Phila. Constable.

John W. Marcellus, Co. of Philada. Gilder.

Geo. Bruner, No. 72 Cherry st. Tobacconist.

Thomas Johnston, Filbert st. between Schuylkill 3d and 4th streets, late Brewer.

Stephen Loughrey, Middle Alley, City of Philada. Labourer.

James Markey, Ann st. between Arch and Market sts. and 9th st. Penn Township, Labourer.

John H. Schramm, No. 147 North 2d st. upper cedar keeper.

Nathan Mahrenr, corner 3d and Wood streets, Co. of Philada. trader.

Robert Johnson, Shippen st. between 7th and 8th sts. cyperman.

Jeremiah Dickerson, Kensington, County of Philada. lame master.

Andrew Copehart, Moreland Township, co. of Philada. farmer interest.

John Graham, No. 114 Catharine st. ex. of Philada. [illegible]

Peter Gray, Green st. above 3d, N. L. labourer

John Reed, Kitt's alley, 3d Race st. below Spruce

Jacob Heck, late of the co. of 3d and Brown sts. N. L. carpenter.

Michael Peters, Smiths alley, co. of Philada. labourer.

John Donegan, No. 4 Shut alley, city of Philada. labourer.

Peter Lusk, Chestnut Hill, co. of Philada. labourer.

Thomas Hampton, late of Phila. ex. of Mr. Thomas.

John P. Miller, N. L. co. of Philada. house carpenter.

Samuel Ellery, N. L. co. of Philada. carter.

Samuel Wilson, Ninth st. between Chestnut and Market sts. late grocer.

Robert H. Ennis, Orkney st. between 12th and 13th and Pine and Lombard sts. Penn Township.

Geo. W. Coulston, 9th street above Wood, county of Philada. late grocer.

Thomas Noble, corner Schuylkill Front street and Palmer's alley, Phila. ex.

James White, Tudor's court, Kensington, labourer.

Joseph Stayton, No. 340 South Third st. painter and glazier.

Wm. M. Donald county of Philada. piano maker.

Joseph Coleman, Penn st. Kensington, carter.

John P. White, ex. Front and Vine sts. barber.

Albert B. Rodgers, Penn st. Kensington, county city of Philad. constable.

Samuel Gilbert, late of the co. of Brandywine & Ohio, of Concord, state of Delaware, cotton manufacturers, and now of the city of Phila.

Henry Phillips, 4th st. Germantown, Southwark.

John W. Allen, Beach st. East Kensington, weaver.

Joseph W. Hastie, Mayamensing, Richardson's town ship, Phila. county, weaver, dyer.

Edward Hall, Market ter. 3d and M from Schuylkill, stone mason.

Gerbett Hodman, 30, John near Brown sts. N. L. tailor.

John Pearce, Schuylkill Front above Spruce st. boatman.

Nathan Dodge, 13th above Vine st. Penn township, carter.

George M'Donald, Front above Master st. West Kensington, carter.

Thomas Edwards, Germantown, Phila. county, carpet weaver.

Peter Coulter, Pegg near, Front st. N. L. confectioner.

John U. Levington, Palmer st. East Kensington, weaver.

Thomas Magee, Sassafras st. bet. 9th and 10th st. and Vine and Callowhill st. Penn township, labourer.

Daniel Murray, corner of Dean and Center, and 12th and Hamilton, Penn and Locust sts. wheelwright.

John S. Griffis, Wood and Knowlin, and Wood st. N. L. house carpenter.

Thomas S. Johnson, Poplar Lane above Front st. ex. of, silver plater.

Thomas Dick, Moyamensk, Roxborough township, Phila. county, weaver.

Thomas Allen, Hamilton st. above 9th st. labourer.

Arthur W. Collins, Loudoun above 3d st. nurseryman.

Henry Parkhill, 16th below Race st. stone mason.

Wm. Penrose, Federal st. above Front st. South Southwark, carter.

Samuel Butler, Oak st. Southwark, porter.

Enoch H. Pennington, Cedar st. above N. L. coal dealer.

James W. Hasler, county of Phila. labourer.

Jeremiah W. Bople, Chestnut above 5th st. South Southwark.

Joseph Souder, White-Horse Alley, bet. Juniper and 13th, and Cherry alley and Walnut alley, house carpenter.

Peter Coulter Pegg near, Front st. N. L. confectioner.

Thomas Edwards, Germantown, Phila. county, carpet weaver.

Daniel Murray, corner of Dean and Center, and 12th and Hamilton, Penn and Locust sts. wheelwright.

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Joseph Souder, White-House Alley, bet. Juniper and 13th, and Cherry alley and Walnut alley, house carpenter.

John Newton—There is at this moment a hostile fleet in the Bosphorus that, when it leaves it as a prisoner town, he inadvertently swallowed a cannon ball, and has not got it out yet.—Daily Advertiser.

Alleged Apology.—I was customarily complied with, and I consented to marry her. I was in love at the time, and consented as a matter of course. I was in love and had both legs. I pressed God, and I no longer pressed him.—Boston Post.

Pedestrianism of the Press.—The vault under the tower of St. Michael, in the cathedral at Bordeaux, which was opened a few days since, and found to contain many ancient coffins, has been re-closed, stone and mortar are plastered, stout iron bars are placed across the wall—a horrible and plausible reason is assigned for this—the vault is said to be the receptacle of bodies, and many have their garments stolen by the sacristans, and sold to the Jews, and even to individuals, who purchase to designate their various professions. Thus a mason, a wagoner, a shoe-maker, and even a tailor, is the lineage of which each is proud.

General rule for Life.—One morning last week, after a night of great moonlight brilliancy, the following rule of conduct was found written on a slate in a garret room: "Here comes you to lie in bed so long that you will be ashamed of yourself. Get up early, and be bright. I could not rest so long as all and all sleep, I never thought to wake so late."

The public prosecutor of the aforesaid fraternity was lately standing in front of "The Shakspeare," when a gentleman passed by, and pointing to the sign, the latter said to the former "I asked Mr. Smalley, who is connected with the gallant Colonel, Stanley, "I should not have to subscribe?"

Epitaph.—General Bevmouvent, though not a native of any opposite principles to those of the people of Berry they shewed the wretch who betrayed them that they should not long survive it, and if not dead, he knows would be deprived of his head, and therefore would wish the same thing."

The Steam Train.—2 forks to Jupiter's thunder.

Lightning.—Jupiter's thunder.

Steam.—Vapor in the bigest, or steam, an attack on the Bastile, or Liberty's rise to the moon—Hecate, or Liberty's rise to the moon—Hecate, or Liberty's rise to the moon—Hecate

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected by the publishers Saturday Post, by Peter T. Hulings, No. 1 Exchange Place.

FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 15, 1836.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, January 16, 1836.

RENOVAL.

The Printing and Publication Office of this paper is removed to No. 1 Exchange Place, 2d door below 3d st. between Chesnut and Walnut.

POLITICS

It has been again objected to us that though professing neutrality in party politics, we weekly show a decided bias. The charge is not true, but as the progress we have considered it our duty to stand as *faithful sentinels* in behalf of what we conceive to be the best interests of our country, the community, and the constitutional law. The station of a Journalist is one of responsibility when he chooses to pursue with steady independence the course he deems just. The great question that at present agitates the country, although it is based on political economy, has assumed the shape of party politics, because the party in power will by choosing to follow *party leaders*, and hold the party together "right or wrong," have adopted the measure of those leaders although they are diametrically opposite to the well established points which draw the democratic party from the high *federal* measures of the elder Adams. The bonds of a party have assumed a not easily overcome strength, and the framers of our constitution ever designed, and prostrated the rights and power of congress, but even more than the *kings* of France or England would dare to.

We would most gladly spare party politics and squabbles for power—but it is hard to be silent when we conscientiously believe the rights and welfare of the community are trifled with—when we *feel* the revils of a vitiated and worthless currency in place of that wholesome standard that so recently extended from Maine to Louisiana, from Michigan to Florida. Three months ago, nearly all the notes of hundreds of local banks could be sold here for 1, 2 or 3 per ct.—now, the discount on small notes of Ohio is 5 per cent. —Kentucky and Tennessee 10 per ct.—Virginia 3 to 5 —Carolina 5—Georgia 8—Louisiana 10 and 12.

In the course of an extensive circulation we receive a large proportion of letters, and we confess we feel that on that account perhaps more largely affected than most persons in the same amount. When postages and discounts on paper have added 600 per cent. from our receipts, we have but a bare moiety of what is justly due us. Our labours entitle us to a revenue of some thousands a year, but the drawbacks attending are of such an amount, as to be severely felt in our current expenses. We presume this same state of things is felt by all persons in business more or less, although we are aware that it is not felt to exactly the same amount of business as the publisher of a literary and miscellaneous paper, circulating through all parts of the union. We know that many merchants and traders of this city are now suffering from this state of affairs, and we know also that their sufferings will be far greater in a month from this. Large sums of money are expected to be laid them by their southern and western customers, in the months of February and March, which must of necessity be paid in depreciated bank notes, on which the discount will be from five to ten per cent. Will the merchant here pocket that enormous loss, or charge it to his customer? It must fall somewhere, but who is to bear it? Relief is needed promptly, and it is to remove the great evil, the necessity of this, that we have laboured. Better days have been exerted, and we lament to say, without any considerable hope of success. For years we have done our duty in opposition to our interest; and if those, to whom a wholesome currency is important, cannot see the necessity of a change, we have only to wish that they may not regret their supineness.

We may also add, while upon this subject, that in consequence of the scarcity of money, growing out of this deranged state of the currency, mechanics of mechanics and manufacturers thrown out of employment, real estate has fallen twenty-five per cent, products of all kinds has gone down, wheat, flour, and the other staples of the country, cotton excepted, tobacco, &c. In our next paper we may return to the subject and address some facts, strong enough to prove to the sceptical the truth and difficulty really said.

THE CABINET FOR JANUARY.

The January number of Atkinson's Casket contains a full share of its accustomed variety of miscellaneous articles and pictorial embellishments. Among the latter are two engravings of the latest fashions, very appropriately coloured, together with a view of the House of Peers during the celebrated trial of the Ex-Ministers at Paris, and a third of the Harbour and Custom House of Dublin, both of which are very fine. The embellishments alone, in this work, are abundantly worth the price of subscription. When it is recollected that each number of the Casket is literary, tales, poetry, biography, miscellany, &c. are given in addition to the profuse embellishments, the work may be confidently assumed as one of the cheapest of the kind published in the country. We should be happy to receive the orders of our friends at a distance, accompanied by a year's subscription in advance.

We are desired by the Ohio Palladium to publish the denial of that paper to a statement which lately appeared in the Post, taken from the Pittsburg Gazette, in reference to the union of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canals. We will do so, with pleasure, if the Palladium will furnish us with a copy.

ROBBERY OF THE PHILADELPHIA BANK.

The banking-house of the Philadelphia Bank, at the south-west corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets, was entered, between Saturday night and Monday morning, and robbed of a large amount of money, any about sixty-nine thousand dollars. The rogues obtained admission, by means of false keys, as the night watchman had retired in the morning. A new lock, of a singular construction, requiring three distinct keys, was placed on the outside door, which was not once. Among the bank bills stolen, are thirty-eight hundred dollars on the Doylestown Bank, about an equal amount on the Germantown Bank, and a considerable number of Trenton notes. The remainder is in notes on the Philadelphia Bank, 5's, 10's, 20's, 50's, and 150 hundred dollar bills. A reward of $2000 is offered for the apprehension of the thieves.

FROM MADEIRA.

The brig Enterprise, Capt. Prech, arrived at Charleston, on the 7th instant, in 36 days from the Island of Madeira. Captain P. states that the fleet of Don Pedro was daily expected, and that there would be no resistance on the assumption of authority over the island. The present Governor of Madeira commits extremely tyrannical in the use of his power, imprisoning the inhabitants on frivolous grounds, and exacting large pecuniary contributions from the merchants.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Pin Money," by Mrs. Charles Gore, authoress of Hungarian Tales, Polish Tales, and other interesting works, has just been laid upon our table from the store of Carey & Hart. It is decidedly the best production of the day, and is indeed a work of great renown. Mrs. Gore's writings have that originality which was given to reality, and wit in the great characteristic of her pages. Gaiety, spirited and clever, the charmless are blent with truth and nature, the present work is of very great interest, and we are happy in being able to add, that it carries with it a moral tendency, which will spread universal approbation through the land of their nativity. We think it calculated to afford entertainment and instruction to all who carefully peruse the volumes.

"The Children's Friend, from the French of M. Berquin," in two neat 12mo volumes, has been received from Messrs. Carey & Hart, and nothing but the extreme interestfree felt while reading the two first volumes, prevented us being noticed of it at last evening's meeting of the trustees of the Girard Free School. The stories of which it is composed, are eminently calculated to amuse and instruct the junior branches, while they are written in a style so free from affectation, so simple and natural, as to be easily read the pictures we have drawn up in strict accordance with the will of Mr. Girard; the language of the translator being in many cases adopted verbatim.

The Book of Nature.

The January number of the Book of Nature, just published, contains ten large quarto plates of quadrupeds, ornithology, ichthyology, entomology, conchology and vermes, each containing upwards of *sixty distinct figures*. Among these are—the wild Ox of Scotland, Norway Rat, Cape Wall Rat, White Stork, Gigantic Sea Serpent, Common Viper, Fin Finch, &c. These figures are all explained in the letter press accompanying the plates, and the habits and dispositions of the various animals, &c. are illustrated by many entertaining anecdotes.

The work, unquestionably one of the most useful and entertaining published in this country, we are happy to say is meeting with extensive patronage. The demand for the first numbers has been so great that a second edition has already been called for. The Book of Nature is one of the few works of every one who wishes to obtain some knowledge of the mysteries and wonders of the animal kingdom.

The idea held out by foreign writers, that our war of independence is to be attributed to a desire of separation from England, upon the part of the colonists, is false. Even from a sense of continued assaults and encroachments, injustice and oppressive acts, is satisfactorily disproved in the *Life of John Jay*, an able review of which is furnished in the last number of the American Quarterly.

The early colonists never thought of a separation from the mother country, until they were deprived of their liberties, by the continued aggressions of England. These aggressions were resisted, with a view to induce England to abandon them, and no entire separation was agreed upon by the first congress assembled, and which met in Philadelphia, in 1765. Even in the first congress, in any close, or abrupt description, express a wish for the independence of the colonies.

"Few Americans had more, or better means and opportunities of becoming acquainted with the sentiments and dispositions of the colonists, relative to public affairs, than Dr. Franklin. In a letter to his friend Lord Kames, dated March, 1775, he relates a conversation which he had with Lord Chatham, in the preceding September of August. His lordship had mentioned an *opinion* prevailing in England, that America aimed at setting up for herself as an *independent* state, the thought of which was disagreeable to every one else, but having more than once travelled almost from one end of the continent to the other, he got a very great variety of company, eating, drinking and conversing with them freely, and found that no such wish was entertained from any person, drunk or sober, the least expression of a wish for separation, or a hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America.

"It does not appear to me necessary to enlarge further on this subject, but I will just add, that it was my own opinion and belief, that our country was prompted to the revolution by the genius of the people, and not by *chance*. They who know how we were then circumstanced, know it could not be otherwise considered.

Mr. Jefferson has written upon the same point!

"I confess, by my belief, Mr. Jay's criticisms on the Declaration of Rights, will not be generally so. The truth from this state southwardly, and northwardly, I believe, to New York, for which state Mr. Jay himself is a witness, is that all that emanated from the people have been the dispositions towards England before the commencement of hostilities. Further, I know not before that I never had heard a whisper of a disposition to separation from Great Britain; and after that, it hostility was contemplated with affliction by all, &c. &c.

We should have mentioned before, that the American Quarterly Review, has passed into the hands of Key & Biddle, by whom it will be hereafter published. The number for December, completing the volume for the year, contains ten articles, all of which are sensible and well written papers.

SACRED MUSIC.

An institution, lately has been organised in this city, under the title of the "*Philadelphia Sacred Music Society*," with a view of promoting the cultivation of the science of music. This object, it is proposed to accomplish by weekly meetings for the practice of members, and by giving three or four concerts each year, to which members and their ladies shall be admitted. The first concert is to take place about two months, and already we perceive an announcement for the first concert, proposed to be given at the Adelphi, on Thursday evening next. The pieces selected for the entertainment, we think will be well assorted, contribute much to the gratification of the audience, among them is the first part of *Haydn's Grand Oratorio*, the creation, descriptive of the season of spring. This oratorio has never been performed in this country, and perhaps not more than once or twice in England. The music is extremely difficult, and requires a full band and chorus of voices and ease in its effect. The portion descriptive of spring embraces a great variety of recitatives, solos, duetts, trios, quartetts, and choruses, in which the high character of musicians, of many members of the society, will, we doubt, not be slightly executed. We commend the institution to the notice of all who are fond of sacred music.

The difficulty between the general government and the state of Alabama, appears to be settled. Governor Clay stated to the legislature a message, in which he observed, that by an arrangement with Mr. Key, the agent of the Executive of the United States, "the settlers in the new counties are to remain in the undisturbed possession of their improvements, and that the orders of the Secretary of War are to be confined exclusively to the locations which were reserved to the Indians by treaty." This arrangement the governor considers entirely satisfactory, and he urges upon the legislature to pass all such laws as will protect the Indians in the rights which have been secured to them by treaty. So far as that approaches a satisfactory settlement of the existing difficulty, says the National Intelligencer, it is a subject of congratulation; but we apprehend that the difficulty is, as yet, surmounted only in part.

Pennsylvania Legislative Proceedings.

Harrisburg, Jan. 11th 1836.

A petition was presented in both Houses yesterday, from the Philadelphia Bank and others, praying for an extension of our charter, so as to allow a resumption of specie payments.

In the Senate yesterday, several bills were passed on second reading, among which were the act regulating the Philadelphia Library, and the act to incorporate the Maryland Labour College.

The third reading of

A resolution was offered to-day, by Mr. Packer, requesting the Governor to transmit to the Senate the official death of Hon. Solomon G. Kemps, formerly a member of that body, which Mr. P. preceded by a very eloquent eulogium upon the deceased.

Candidates were nominated in both Houses to-day, for the offices of Canal Commissioner, Auditor General, Prothonotaries for Adams, and Richard T. Lowry, Esq. for Register of Wills for Lancaster.

But little business of public importance was transacted in the House of Representatives yesterday. To-day the house took up Mr. Goodman's resolution relative to the Bank of the U. States, requesting certain information relative to the votes given by proxy at their late elections for officers. Many considerable discoveries, of a mis-application of funds, &c. were made, and the resolution was finally adopted by a vote of 49 to 45.

Many petitions were presented to-day, praying which were several for new banks. It seems that the people will never learn wisdom from experience. Almost every session a state, with a population of *not five hundred*, has its new bank for a bait. The is the cry—give us a bank, established on a firm basis, are highly useful to the business community, and the establishment of these institutions will be contrary, never fails to have a pernicious influence. Farmers, mechanics, and men of every description, are lured into the trap, a gasp, and their embarrassments and total ruin.

Among the petitions presented to the House, yesterday, there was one from the Chamber of Commerce, of Philadelphia, praying the incorporation of a Bank of the United States. It is understood that a bill to restore the restoration of the public deposites to the Bank of the United States will not make its for the call of a Convention to amend the Constitution and one for the establishment of a bank at Mon. roe, Michigan, will be introduced. Petitions to this were two for re-chartering the Erie Bank and the Bank of Chester county. Ten Finch, &c. The second reading, and one for the relief of sundry revolutionary soldiers. The House resolved itself into committee of the whole, Mr. Lacock in the chair, upon the bill for abolishing public executions, which was finally postponed to the 4th of February—after which the committee rose and reported progress. This was done for the purpose of first disposing of a resolution now before the House, relative to the entire abolition of capital punishments.

There is no prospect that the House will consent to the abolishment of capital punishment, and as little that they will abolish public executions, which are an evil.

By an abstract of the Report of the Auditor General to the Pennsylvania Legislature, in relation to the condition of all the banks throughout this commonwealth, it will be seen that the aggregate amount of banking capital in the state is $17,061,941

Notes in circulation,	10,366,741 61
Due to depositors,	7,706,206 74
Due to other banks,	1,098,477 69
Notes on hand,	1,696,145 26
Due by other banks,	2,560,160 74
Notes of other banks,	3,711,293 00
Specie,	29,066,936 15
Unclaimed dividends,	325,336 04
Real Estate,	1,316,312 71
Contingent Fund,	1,760,026 01

Tobacco vs. The Ladies.

The tobacco chewers and smokers of New Haven appear to be up to their ears in trouble. The ladies of the city, as we learn by the Herald, assembled not long since, and formed themselves into a society, agreeing to hold no company where the filthy weed was indulged in the use of tobacco. Upon the announcement of this fact, the bachelors immediately convened, and passed unanimously the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That we will neither visit, marry, buy, sell, trade with, or have any thing to do with, directly or indirectly, or any other mode now in practice, with any of the ladies of this society.

Resolved, That we will "go to the death for our rights" and maintain them by sufficient chew and smoke at the charge of our desiring and aiming at independence.

Resolved, That these resolutions and the above assurances were factitious and deceptive, they present to the world an unprecedented instance of long-continued forbearance, and shrewdness of policy in females. Our country does not deserve this odium and disgrace, for when the stamp act was repealed in consequence of after the second petition of congress, in 1775, I believe, and in March, 1776, the colonies declared their independence, they were still under the rule of King George the third, and petitioned for redress of grievances, and not for the independence of the colonies.

Subsequently the ladies again assembled, and having obtained satisfactory evidence that one of their number had violated the edict, the sister of a tobacconist and smoker, she was unanimously expelled the society. No stand alike against it.

DEVELOPMENT.—Some time since, a couple of trunks belonging to a waiter on board the steam boat Independence of the Philadelphia railroad line, containing wearing apparel and from twenty to thirty dollars in money, were taken from on board that vessel. As the waiter was not at that time suspected. On Saturday last he was arrested, and before the officer reached the cell in which he was confined, he had succeeded in tearing up a part of the floor, and was in the act of *James Marter* went on board the boat, and found the trunks which he sought in the stolen trunks, which the owner, (a colored man) instantly recognized as his. For some few moments he left a reluctance to claim his property, but on the closer examination of the person of the waiter, in whose possession he found it, he discovered that he had on one of his coats, which had been stolen with the trunk. He then charged the prisoner in the presence of the officer with the theft, and he was taken into custody, and by the aid of an officer conveyed to the Police Office, where he was committed for trial. The examination of the prisoner was postponed for the purpose of procuring the attendance of the witnesses, which has been procured. It appears the prisoner has been employed on board the steam boat Independence for the last two years, and a few of that kind alone the numerous petitions which have been presented to the House, and the petitions so signed by about three thousand citizens.

Jan. 14th.—If yesterday the Senate was engaged in the consideration of a bill for the establishment of the civil code bill, relating to counties and townships, and many amendments were proposed and adopted, and here the bill had been gone through. The same bill was then taken up in committee of the whole, and the numerals will be presented on Monday.

Mr. Porter, of Northampton, presented a petition from the Bethlehem Conference, praying for the incorporation of a Bank of the United States.

Mr. Packer presented a petition from Lycoming, praying for the passage of a law to prevent the sale of lottery tickets in that county.

Mr. Porter presented a petition from Northampton

Written—The celebrated Tycoonade and that wonderful three-dozen-in-the-hour, and a cell low in the lowest, three-dozen.

Wise.—I asked Mrs. Inchbold, why she had called her married twice, her answer was—"That for herself and husband was too familiar, and love too personal."

Brass.—The Alderman Fey remembers says, "I, in spite of Gladstone's assertions at the old line of Dry-Dock, have seen Adams as he enlarge on Washington, and the Soldiers of that Regiment in the deep converse of the question of the Stamp Act."

Rare.—A remarkably huge and ugly person was asked by a stranger in looking from his garden, when the new railway was to be opened? The question was a long one, and the reply was—"Next Monday week."

The Inside the outside.—"Comedy took places in a theatre on the question, 'Which is the inside of sugar?' 'You do,' said Jones, 'because the outside is used to sweeten the tea, and always taking the back inside.'"

Fat.—"I'm fifteen to that they'll not bother me much," quoth Patrick.

Sharp Punctuation.—"You don't love me, I know by that look and a young married lady to her husband. If you did, a very few, for a keen penetrancer," replied the young copy.

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the sacristan among other curiosities the arm of a saint. "Pooh!" said the traveller, "I've got one of those." "Yes, sir," said the sacristan, "it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

Too Fast Not.—The old practice in making bullets was to melt up the bags with sludges, and run them into moulds. Although it was an easy matter to manufacture the world the finest he came in the 18th century, but as lately as 1855, an English bullet-maker received a spur and in France, during the Exhibition, which deserved a particular description. It is said to have been the largest bullet ever made, and certainly has always received England. The first shot was considered by a Dutchman in 1845, but was not discovered by the Chinese. The first shot was an accident, that the proprietor was forced to declare with the greatest care before he could; and on each occasion he generally received such a dreadful wound, and was in either prosecuted but in 1746, an unlucky bullet succeeded, hoping that after so long a time the public would be wearied of its own in the same old fashion, and would not wonder null. The case of the public workers, however, were on the ground, and a committee was at once collected and called to report. Such patriotic spirit was shown by these bullet makers, that it is said to have been the last distinctly strong, there is reason to believe that new ones are used in England.

An Advertisement.—"Sale," of the remarkable sum stated in the most unusual manner, the lapsing of many acres in the most unusual manner. There is a sale in the Yankee-doodle, and you to see that both do not end in "end" spelt "end" a dozen times. We have "long acres," and just as we "short acres." "Mr." says a friend, "I got some acres for you." "Have for" horrible and cruel question. "Acres," is your Yankee, as applied to land, "is a measure of land." "Then," "To save me the trouble," says he, "is to measure one inch-square." "Square," you know, is a word in a new England circulation. "Acres," in